Vol. IV. NO. 15.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

PRINTED BY JOHN W. SCOTT, *No.* 27, *BANK-STREET, (Back of No.* 73, *CHESNUT-STREET)*
Where Subscriptions, and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1804.

Friendship put to the Test.

From the French of MARMONTEL.

[*translated by a young lady.*]

(continued)

ALL these traits of an ingenuous and sensible soul, made lady Aldbury uneasy. "I am very much afraid," said she to Nelson, when they were by themselves, "that she is in love with you, and that her attachment will prove her misfortune." He took this intimation for an affront to her innocence. "How much," said he, "does the abuse of words alter and disturb our ideas? Corally loves me, I know it, but she loves me as you love me. Is there any thing more natural than to attach ourselves to those who do us good? Is it a fault in the child, if the sweet, the warm expression of so just and laudable a sentiment, be profaned in our days? Has any thing criminal in it ever come into her head?" "No my friend, you do not understand me; nothing is more innocent than her affection for you; but"—"But, sister, why should you want it to be so? It is the same simple love which she has for me, that she has for you likewise." "You flatter, you persuade yourself, Nelson, that the sentiment is the same; will you put it to the test? let us pretend a separation, and leave it to her choice whom she will give up."

"What snares, wiles! why should we impose upon her? why instruct her in finesse? Does her heart wear any disguise?" "Yes, I begin to be troublesome to her; she has been fearful of me, ever since she has had an affection for you." "And why should you have given any cause for her fear? you would have her to be ingenuous, and yet it is dangerous to be so; you recommend truth, and if she should fail you deem it a reproach. Believe me, nature is not to blame; she would be unreserved if she were without controul; it is the art which is practised to constrain her, that gives her a bias to falsity."

"These are very serious reflections in a case which is, at the bottom, a mere jest; for what is the intention of it? to make Corally uneasy for one moment, to know which side she would embrace—there is nothing more in it!"—"Nothing more; but it is a deception; and what is worse, a deception that may make her very uneasy." "Let us think no more about it; it is of no use to examine into what we do not chuse to see." —"But, sister, I want only to inform myself, in order to regulate my conduct. The means only I object to; but to give that up, what would you require of me?" —"Silence and seriousness. Corally is coming, you will soon understand me."

"What is the matter?" said Corally, addressing both of them? Nelson in one corner of the room! and Juliette in another!—"We have just formed a resolution," replied Juliette, "which makes us somewhat uneasy, but we were under a necessity to do so. We shall not live together any longer: each of us are to keep a separate home; and we have agreed to leave it to your choice whom you are to live with."

On hearing these words, she fixed her eyes on Juliette, which expressed both grief and astonishment.—"I am," said she, "the cause of your leaving Nelson. You are sorry that he loves me; you are jealous of the pity with which a young orphan inspires him. Alas, what would you not envy, if you envy pity; if you envy it to one who loves you, and who would sacrifice her life, the only property she has, for you? You are unjust. Your brother does not love you the less for loving me, and if it were possible, he would love you more, for my sentiments would pass into his soul; and I have nothing else to do but inspire him with complaisance and love."

Juliette endeavoured in vain to persuade her that she and Nelson left each other as good friends.—"It is impossible," said she. "It was all your delight to live together. And how long has it been necessary that you should have separate houses? Those who love one another never want room; separation is agreeable only to those who hate one another. You, heavens! you hate one another!" continued she, "who then can love one another, if two hearts so full of kindness and virtue do not love each other! It is I, unhappy I, who have brought trouble into the house of peace? I wish to quit it; yes, I beg you to send me back to my own country. I shall there meet with souls that will melt at my misfortunes and my tears, and will not think it blameable to excite a little pity."

"You forget," said Juliette, "that you are a deposit, intrusted to our hands."—"I am free," replied the young Indian, with some warmth, "I am at my own disposal. And what can I do here? With whom can I live? With what eye must one of you look on me for having robbed you of the other? Can I comfort you for the loss of a brother? I who am destined to make those unhappy, who are the only objects of my love. No; you never shall leave each other, my arms shall be the chain to fasten you together." Then running to

Nelson, and snatching his hand, "Come," said she, "and swear to your sister, that you love nothing in the world as much as her." Nelson agitated to the bottom of his soul, suffered himself to be led to his sister's knees, and Corally, hanging on Juliette's neck; "You," continued she, "if you are my mother, forgive him for loving your child; his heart is big enough for us both, and if you should lose any part of it, mine shall make you a compensation."—"O, dangerous girl," said the melting English lady, "what troubles are you going to bring upon us!"—"Ah, sister," cried Nelson, as he felt himself pressed by Corally, against his sister's bosom, "have you the heart to afflict this child!"

Corally, enchanted with her triumph, kissed Juliette with the greatest tenderness, at the very instant in which Nelson leant his face on his sister's. He felt the glowing cheek of Corally, still bedewed with tears, touch his. He was surprised at the confusion and extacy which this accident produced. "Happily," said he, "it is only a simple emotion of the senses, it cannot penetrate the heart. I am master of myself, I am confident of myself." Notwithstanding he concealed from his sister, what he would have wished to conceal from himself. He consoled Corally with the greatest tenderness, by confessing to her that all which had been said to disturb her was only in jest. "But," added he, "the advice I would give you does not fall under that description, which is to distrust your own heart, which is too artless, and too susceptable." Nothing could be more engaging than this tender and affectionate address; but the best things frequently become dangerous by excess.

"Will you not calm my disquiet," said Corally to Juliette, as soon as Nelson left the room. "You may say what you please; but it is rather unnatural to make a jest of my grief. There is something serious concealed under this air of gaiety. I saw you look very melancholic: as for Nelson, he appeared greatly agitated; I felt his hand tremble in mine, my eyes met his, and I saw something tender and sorrowful in them at the same time. He is apprehensive of my sensibility. He is apprehensive lest I should deliver myself up to it. My good friend, is it any crime to love?"

"Yes child, if I must say so, it will prove a misfortune to you both. A woman, you may have seen it in India, as well as here, a woman, is designed for the society of one man only; and by that sacred and awful union, the pleasure of loving becomes a duty incumbent upon her."

"I know that," said Corally, with the greatest ingenuousness, "you mean matrimony."

"Yes Corally; and this attachment is laudable between a married couple; but forbid till it comes to that."

"That is very unreasonable," said the young Indian: "before this union, they ought to know whether they loved one another; and it is only in proportion as we love one another before, that we shall love one another afterwards. For instance, if Nelson loved me as much as I love him, it would be very evident, that each of us had met with its counterpart."

"But do you know in what respects, to what obligations we are implicitly bound; and that you was never distined for Nelson?"

"Corally, casting down her eyes: "I understand you," said she, "I am poor, but Nelson is rich; but my misfortune does not forbid me reverence, and cherish beneficent virtue, at least. If a tree were indued with sensibility, it would rejoice to see the person who cultivates it, repose under its shade, respire the perfume of its blossoms, and taste the sweetness of its fruits; I am that tree cultivated by both of you, and nature has given me sensibility."

Juliette smiled at the comparison; but she soon convinced her that nothing could be less decent, than what she thought to be so just. Corally heard her, blushed, and from that time her gaiety, her native ingenuousness gave place to a greater reserve, and to a more timorous behaviour. What hurt her most in our manners, though she might have seen examples of it in India, was the excessive inequality of wealth; but she had not suffered any humiliation on that account before: she did suffer it now for the first time.

"My lady," said she to Juliette, "I spend my time entirely in learning things which are not necessary. If I were taught to get my bread by my industry, I should be satisfied: I should be more useful both to myself and others. I should be glad, I would beseech you to recommend me to a place in that line. That is the resource that I would wish you to procure me."

"You will be reduced to such a degree," said the English lady, "and leaving us out of the question, it is not without reason that Blandford has undertaken to be a father to you."

"Favours conferred," replied Corally, "engage us frequently more than we could wish. It is no disgrace to receive them, but I find it is more fashionable to reject them." *(to be continued)*

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,

WERE this question proposed to each of your correspondents, *viz.*—What are the reasons which have induced you to write? For their individual honor, I suppose the answer would be. To exhibit virtue in all her loveliness, to depict vice in all her deformity; to encourage every thing which is useful, ornamental and praiseworthy; to reprove every practice which is contrary to the sublime dictates of religion and morality.—

Gentlemen, your intention is excellent, it entitles you not only to the approbation of an individual, but the grateful thanks of your fellow citizens—and but one thing remains, which indeed, is the chief, without which, the first will produce nothing—reduce your good intentions into practice.

The vilifiers of christianity, in all ages, have always fixed upon the vices of its professors, and charging them on christianity deduced false conclusions, declaring, that since christians were not perfect, the doctrines of christianity were not true.—Morality has also been oftimes considered by superficial enquirers as an *ignis fatuus*, because many hypocrites were found among men; virtue has been laughed at, vice exalted to be at least her equal, and their difference declared to be only in opinion. But have the promulgers of these wretched opinions in their writings deserved the thanks of society? Do they, by endeavoring to prove that religion is a cunningly devised fable, morality a bugbear to frighten children, and virtue a bubble, deserve well of their county? Or, supposing that by their essays they could dissolve every tie of moral obligation, would they thereby render themselves more happy?

It behoves every man who lays his sentiments before the public, to be cautious, and seriously to consider what may be the tendency of his labor; to determine whether his arguments are in fa-

vour of vice or virtue—tending to lessen the *quantum* of human misery and increase the general good. It is true, virtue stands on an impregnable rock, it can never be shaken by the repeated attacks of puny mortals; and vice, tho' decked in all the trappings which the utmost stretch of human skill can invent, will ever be hideous and deformed; yet, by the side espoused, is well seen where turns the love of the espouser;—therefore, every essayist ought to examine well his production, lest he inconsiderately become the patron of immorality.

I have been led to make these observations, by observing how often the institution of marriage has been attacked in the Repository;* once and again have their arguments (if tney deserve that name) been refuted, and their tendency shewn; yet, still they repeat their assaults, determined to do as much evil as they can.

The observations of ADELIO in the last number, do him much honor; they are nervous, appropriate and convincing. They argue that he is possessed of a manly, a generous heart, which, like charity, thinketh no evil—they present to these fault-finders truths which they cannot deny—arguments which it is impossible for them to answer.

To what he has so well done, I shall only add a few queries, which PROTEUS (whose power is *omnia videns*) or some of his aids will, I hope, answer.

Gentlemen, supposing that ye could completely destroy the ordinance of marriage, with what would you supply its place? Ye would not surely destroy one institution without founding another—lay your wise heads together, and let us have it.

Ye plead for the happiness of the bachelor;—I have ever thought happiness consisted in doing good, and that he who could do most good in society, was the most happy: Let the bachelor be active in his sphere, is he as useful in society as he who brings up five or six sons, each of whom may be as active as the bachelor, in opposition to whom stands the father?

Gentlemen, are ye christians? The LORD says, *Gen.* ii. 18, It is not good that the man should be *alone*, I will make him an help *meet* for him.—But ye say, *it is good for man to be alone*, thus setting up your ignorance in opposition to infinite wisdom!

You behold some in society, vilifiers of matrimony, grown hoary in wickedness and emaciated by irregularity; to them, in the prime of life, such doctrine as yours was very pleasing; writers of your cast, persuaded their weak minds that it was better to remain in a single state, and that misery and matrimony were synonimous terms; now, like a solitary tree on a bleak hill, exposed to every blast, each of them stands, unassisted, alone, I had almost said, unpitied; no tender hand presses gently the aching head, no sympathising friend mixes the cordial draught,—these offices must be done by menials, and often how poorly are they performed. And were not these essayists who cherished in those weak men such principles, in a high degree chargeable with their criminality, and accessory to their misery?

Ye who thus vilify an ordinance of GOD, lay your hands to your hearts, ponder on these things—let conscience be heard—and be no longer advocates for principles which have an evil tendency.

AN ADVOCATE FOR
MATRIMONY.

P. S. In the two last communications of PROTEUS, he shews himself a very poor logician.—In the first, he finds a new married couple, quarreling, and hence concludes, that the marriage state is unhappy; a general conclusion from a particular instance, which is impossible; for a particular can never contain a general in it. In the last he also exhibits a bachelor acting well, and again infers that all bachelors act well—repeating his former error:—He then gives an instance of a weak father, and an unnatural mother; a bad wife and a too easy husband, no doubt to strengthen his position; but he must be a man little acquainted with the method of reasoning, if he think such arguments good for any purpose except militating against the cause they were brought to defend.

ANECDOTES, &c.

IN one of Philip Thicknesse's publications, the following anecdote is told with much pleasantry, which very politely conveys a modest hint to young ladies.—When I was a young man, says he, I often visited a very distant relation whom I much loved, and to whom I and my family had been much obliged. This gentleman had nine agreeable, nay beautiful daughters, who had often entertained me with the slip-slop conversation of a rich, but low under-bred woman, their neighbor, whose husband, being appointed high sheriff, occasioned her to talk much to these ladies, about the *grand sheriff dinner* she was to give. "I am determined (said she) to have no custards, for if I have custards, I must have cheese-cakes, and if I have cheese-cakes, I must have jellies, if jellies, fruits, &c." And as I usually spent my Christmas at the country seat of this friend, with his lovely family, there sometimes arose a kind of merriment, called Christmas gambols, questions and commands, &c. Now these innocent sports led the gentlemen sometimes to salute the young ladies all round; a pleasure, which I alone, who perhaps loved them best, always declined partaking of. This shyness in me seemed so unaccountable to them, that they one and all seized an occasion to rally me for possessing a *mauvaise honte*, so contrary to the established *etiquette* at that time of the year. I confessed the force of the charge, and fully acknowledged my guilt, adding, that the only excuse I could offer, was, that if I had *custards*, I must have *cheese-cakes*, if cheese-cakes *jellies*, if jellies *fruit*, and if—in short, before I had done with my *ifs*, they all ran away, and left me in the field of battle, and never rallied to make an attack on me again.

A FRENCH general passing through a village was suddenly attacked by an illness, which required bleeding immediately, the surgeon of the place presented himself to perform the operation; but his abilities not being expressed in his countenance, the general shewed some reluctance to commit himself to the surgeon's hands, who asked him if he was afraid of bleeding? No: answered the general; but I'll frankly acknowledg that I am afraid of the *bleeder*.

AN Irish servant being asked, a few days ago, if his master had set out for Cheltenham, answered, 'that his master did not intend to go to any of the *watering* places, till he drank all his *wines*.'

PURPLE has been strongly recommended by some *ambitious* damsels as a sort of permanent fashionable colour in the dress of the fair. Thus they would denote their possession of *universal empire*.

A BATTALON of the Dutch Army, destined to invade England, is commanded by a man of a very terrible name, Major STORM DE GRAVE!

* See Repository, Vol. iii. p. 235.

AN ORIGINAL TALE—BY ADELIO.

A JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES COLEMAN SAUNDERS.

SOME time in the year ——, I frequently visited the prison at Philadelphia, for no other purpose than to satisfy curiosity; in one of which visits, I noticed a man sitting in a retired part: Something in his appearance made me wish for a nearer view, to accomplish my purpose, I resolved to address him and offer such little services, as I knew were agreeable to persons in his situation; his countenance was remarkably interesting, it bore the traces of sorrow resisted by a manly fortitude; his dress was plain in a much greater degree, than was common for persons at his age (he appeared about twenty;) his manners were mild and prepossessing, and his conversation plainly evinced that he possesed no common share of intelligence: I afterwards frequently visited him in his prison and did him any little services in my power:—I would describe his character; but this will be better done, by presenting the following memoirs of him, written by himself.

TO you my friend, who have not suffered appearances to make you impenetrable to the voice of truth; and whose humanity has alleviated the miseries of my situation; I will relate the adventures of my life; you will find them singular and unfortunate, and it will require an exertion of all your candor to enable you to give credit to the relation;—but I have now no motive, even if I had the inclination, to deceive you; I shall shortly suffer the punishment due to the crime of which I have been convicted; if you think he who is standing on the verge of eternity, and deeply impressed with a proper sense of his situation, will not deceive you, you will give my story a patient and accredited hearing.

The first part of my life was passed on the banks of the Susquehannah in Pennsylvania; my father had retired to this place to pass his days in the quiet of an agricultural life: He was one, who, like myself, had early struggled in the thorny paths of adversity and misfortune; he had once filled a station better suited to his talents and industry, and it was chiefly from this excellent being I received the little knowledge I have acquired; but on this it is unnessessary to dwell:—Profiting by his instructions, and aided by a disposition to enquire into the causes of all I saw in the works of nature and art, and generally to add to my fund of knowledge, I early contracted an aversion to the dull uniform, and as I then thought, uninstructive round of pursuits which mark the progress of an agricultural life; I sought to distinguish myself by becoming eminently useful to mankind; I had read of men who, with no unusual talents, but by a proper exertion of them, had become celebrated for some singular services they had performed; and why, thought I, could not I, like them become distinguished; the path of fame was open to all who had the courage to tread it; could I not, by application and a strenuous exertion of my powers give my ideas a greater expansion? If I reflected on what I saw, what I did, and what was done by others, would it not at last lead me to the accomplishment of my wishes? There were various methods by which I might acquire celebrity and honor; in the field, in the cabinet, in the study of the arts and sciences; for the first I had neither inclination nor taste, my disposition was peaceable, I possessed none of that terrible kind of courage, better called ferocity, which would enable me to distinguish myself as a soldier, and had I possessed it, I did not entertain the idea that honest fame could be acquired by becoming the greatest of the destroyers of the human race, and an increaser of their already too numerous calamities.

Politics pleased me as little, I thought it would be impossible to preserve my integrity, amidst the dangers and temptations which usually surround an important political station, I saw that even the preservation of this invaluable possession would not perhaps eventually accomplish my purpose; the best of politicians had not all been famous for their virtue; even those who had preserved it untainted, while they had been extolled by one party of men, had been vilified by another; to become celebrated in the promotion of the arts and sciences, was the only path left open to my footsteps, my success in this pursuit would displease no one, and the applause I might merit would be willingly awarded by all. Many of my leisure hours had been occupied by reflections of this nature, and time only served to add strength to my resolution; I had already become acquainted with some of the principles of experimental philosophy, my father's books had supplied me with much useful knowledge in mechanics, hydraulics, &c. many an unoccupied hour had been passed in applying my theoretical knowledge to practice; I had constructed clocks of wood, I had made mills, pumps, &c. it is true, they were rude and unfinished, but they were my first essays, and much could not be expected, where the only tools used were a saw, hatchet, and knife; yet my success served to add vigor to my ruling passion; I flattered myself that my little machines were constructed on an improved plan, and if I could make improvements here, under so many disadvantages, what should I not be able to perform in the city, where these attempts might be made on a more extensive scale, and would receive the reward due to their merit.

To go to the city became my most earnest wish; but my father was very averse to the scheme, his experience had taught him to believe a greater share of felicity was attainable in his situation, than in the accomplishment of the object of my pursuit; I knew he entertained this opinion, and therefore resolved not to consult him, but to act in obedience to the dictates of my inclination, without his knowledge; it would do him no injury, my brother was a sufficient assistant in the ordinary labors of the plantation, and his circumstances enabled him to hire in case of inability.—My resolution was taken, and I had but to put it in execution; a journey of a few days would bear me to the city: I was well acquainted with the roads, accustomed to pedestrian feats, and dreaded no danger, from a nightly elopement. A circumstance which happened some time before, was an additional motive; it had been my delight to take a nightly ramble to a rock which commanded a fine view of the river and surrounding country, here I used to sit, or walk, and contemplate the beauties of nature, when the mild radiance of the moon displayed all the romantic beauties of the surrounding scene, in its richest, though softest tints; nor was this my only employment, I had a smattering of astronomy, I could name most of the constellations, and loved to gaze over, and reflect on the innumerable glories of the heavens; returning from an excursion of this kind, I was alarmed by a cry of distress, I started—the natural timidity of my disposition

gave way to the idea, that I might, perhaps, be serviceable to some person in distress, the voice was that of a female, but from whence could it proceed? I knew no female would willingly be abroad at this solitary hour, in a country but thinly settled; the idea of robbers occurred,—the shriek was heard again, it was near me; and I quickly saw a man attempting to bear a struggling female from the public road; I rushed upon him,—a desperate struggle ensued, in which I proved victorious; meanwhile, the lady had fled, but the momentary view I had of her features awakened sensations of a new and unaccountable kind; the first wish they produced was, a desire to behold again, the object which had excited them; the man who had yielded to my superior strength had fled, I had no right to detain him, I had accomplished my object; but now a new one occupied my attention; I hasted to search after the female, I searched the road, the wood, but in vain, she was no where to be found; and I returned home weary, dissatisfied and perplexed.

All my enquiries with regard to the lady, were fruitless,—my affairs proceeded in their wonted course for some time; my nocturnal rambles were continued, and my speculations with regard to the future were still indulged; one night as I was returning home from my favorite spot, I noticed a man crossing the path which led to my father's dwelling; surprized at an appearance so uncommon, I was endeavoring to guess what could induce any one, besides myself, to wander through the woods at this late hour; from these reflections, I was roused by a pistol shot, which deprived me, for a time, of sentation; I know not how long I remained in this state, and when I recovered, found I had sustained but little injury; how I happened to escape so well, I know not, whether it had been fired from a great distance, had spent its force by striking against a tree, or been deadened by the resistance of my hat and a large handkerchief, which I had bound round my head to relieve a violent head-ache, I am unable to determine; but I was happy I had suffered so small an injury.

A new train of reflections and surmises were now excited; I asked myself who could be the person that fired; it was evident it was an enemy; every concurrent cirumstance, the hour, the place, seemed to impress this belief; but who could it be? I had injured no being on earth, I was almost a stranger (owing to my romantic notions) even to my nearest neighbors; I was totally unable to form any rational conjecture; I soon recovered the slight injury I had sustained; the circumstance no longer caused any anxiety, and I again ventured to revisit my favorite retreat;—returning home one night, as I passed through my brother's chamber to gain my own, I saw by the light of the moon, the figure of a man standing near the bed of my brother, armed with a dagger; I stood almost petrified with fear and astonishment; I had imbibed from our rustic neighbors, some superstitious ideas, it was near, "the noon of night," that solemn hour, when the dead forsake their graves, and wander forth to revisit scenes once dear to them; I believed I saw a spectre; I made no alarm, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, horror almost froze the blood in my veins, and my limbs scarcely supported my tottering frame! The figure moved towards me,—I made a desperate effort, reached my chamber and locked the door; the silence of death reigned in the house,—not a sound reached my ear; I gave myself up to reflection; could, I asked, this figure be an inhabitant of the grave? Was it probable that the dead could leave the earth, and rise to sport with the terrors of mankind? Would they come armed with the weapons of death? My reason would not suffer me to cherish the thought, my courage returned, I left the room and searched the house in silence, for I now believed it must be a robber I had seen; but I found no one, every thing was safe, and returning to my bed, I puzzled myself with vain conjectures, till sleep wrapped my senses in forgetfulness.

In the morning, I enquired if any noise had been heard in the night? and No, was the answer; no one had heard any thing, their slumbers had been sound and uninterrupted; I evaded answering with truth to the consequent enquiries, by saying I had dreamed a frightful dream. The next night I again saw the same figure, but I was now convinced it was no spectre, but a man; at the sight of me he fled, and passed through the door which I had by accident left unfastened; a new cause of wonder here presented itself; who could this man be? and what was his object? were questions which naturally occured; my father frequently left his bed and traversed the house in his sleep; but it was certain this was not him. By what means could he have entered the house? I had fastened the door and had the key in my pocket; he was armed; this gave birth to a new idea; it was evident his intentions were dreadful; my adventure on a preceding night was remembered; my life had been aimed at, and it was probable it was again attempted; my thoughts however, fixed themselves on no determinate object, until I recalled the remembrance of the female whose rescue I had effected; that man whom I had defeated, he then, I conluded, must be the one who had fired the pistol, and whom I twice met armed in my brother's chamber,—he wished to revenge himself on the author of his defeat, he had attempted to destroy my brother through mistake, and my appearance had alone saved his life. There now appeared to be an absolute necessity of taking some measures to counteract his schemes; and in forming plans of this nature I busied myself, till a new thought displaced my former ones. It now appeared plain to me, that this man had discovered his error, or why did he not (believing I slept in the bed of my brother) pierce his bosom with the dagger; there was nothing to prevent him, my brother was sleeping, he might have killed him, retired in silence, and the dark mantle of oblivion, would have hidden the secret from the knowledge of man. It was now evident my life was attempted; he had found means to descend the chimney, and enter my brother's chamber, as by this means only, he could enter mine.

(to be continued)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SATIRIAD—No. I.

MR. SCOTT,

I AM one of those aerial beings, thought by many to exist only in the fertile brain of the poet, or in the unlettered fancy of the inhabitants of the clay-built hovels which chequer the moors of Hibernia.

Though to the college-bred we are invisible, yet often has the benighted rustic, with half-averted eye, beheld through the hedge that encircles the church yard, our midnight orgies beneath the yew tree's gloomy foilage. There's not a gossip-dame but can tell how, at the witching time of night, she has heard soft music wafted on the midnight air, and can shew the trodden grass where we

have tripped with light fantastic toe, or sipped from cup of humid flower the pearly dew. It was in one of the flowery meads of Hibernia's green Isle where I first knew my existence—it was there I first joined the midnight revel and learned to use the powers which I possess. I need not detail to you my surprise at their vast extent, as they were successively unfolded. I could assume any form at will, or, unseen by human ken, flit from clime to clime, quick as the rovings of fancy. At one moment in the cabinets of kings I was present at councils deciding the fate of millions—and at the next, hovering over the brown cup which held the hard earned meal of the labouring hind, or watching him when stretched upon his pallet of straw, enjoying that sweet repose, which flies the prince reclining upon a bed of down, beneath the gilded canopy.

My excursions however, seldom extended beyond the sea-girt borders of the country in which I first knew myself, or from among the people whose concerns I delighted to investigate, and sometimes to superintend. With pleasing care have I hovered on the dimpled cheek of the sleeping infant, or by gently tickling its ruby lip, caused its features to express a smile which thrilled to the inmost recesses of its mother's breast.

Often have I bounced from a clear turf fire in shape of a true-lover's knot to cheer the heart of the love-sick maiden, or in winding folds, rolled down the candle at a wake, to shew the noisy guests that "they too must die!"

Thus passed my time in gay variety, until fell discord spread horror and devastation through the land, and those once happy scenes, sacred to simplicity and peace, were invaded by the dissonant yells of infuriate war.

I have seen the cottage of the unoffending peasant reduced to a heap of embers, its inmates exiled and the grey hairs of their venerable father, clotted with gore by a too zealous yeomanry—again, I have beheld the magistrate, whose benevolence entitled him to a better fate, torn from his bed by men fighting, as they thought, for the dearest rights of man—I have seen their pikes drink his blood whilst the cries of his wife and daughters, the roaring of the flames enveloping the mansion of his ancestors, rendered the gloom of night doubly horrible.

Tired at length with the clash of arms—unable to bear the contrast of civil warfare with the happiness of former times, and grieved for evils which I could not prevent, I spread my wings and skimming quick as lightning the curling surges of the Atlantic, sought the peaceful shores of this Western World.

If at any time you should receive from me details of my excursions, I beg you may treat them with lenity, for know, that when you sit in judgment upon them, I shall hover over you invisible, or in shape of a small grey coated gnat perch upon your pen and watch your countenance—mark the frown of displeasure, or catch the approving smile.

SATIRETTA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION,—VII.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

PREVIOUS to the following piece, I would wish to state that the two last communications over the signature of PROTEUS, were not *written* by myself.

Having visited the newly married couple, and afterwards the bachelor, I related, confidentially, the result to an intimate friend of mine; who, after hearing the relation, very politely offered (as I observed I should not have leisure) to digest each in a separate form, after the manner in which my numbers are usually written; and transmit them to you for insertion in the Repository. Trusting to his abilities, I thankfully accepted the offer.

A few days after, he called on me with the 5th and 6th communications of "PROTEUS." Unfortunately at the time he called, I was so much engaged that I could not then read them; but told my friend, that I did not in the least doubt their correctness; and, therefore, did not conceive it necessary to give them a reading. Satisfied with this, he said he would, with my permission (which I granted) affix my name, and send them to you for publication: And, as they contained an expression of *his own* sentiments on the subject of matrimony, should any remarks be made thereon, he would defend them to the utmost of his abilities; which I shall accordingly leave him to do.

You may think I act ungenerously in drawing a friend into a "scrape" and then "leaving him in the lurch." But to this I reply thus briefly;—first, that it is done at *his own* request;—secondly, that we differ in our opinions respecting marriage, and consequently it would behove me but illy, to support him; as I should thereby not only act very inconsistently, but also incur the displeasure of the fair sex; who, for *some other reason* are already under apprehensions from me—this however, for next week.

Yours, &c.

PROTEUS.

P. S. If in future any productions should appear over my signature; for which I furnished the materials *only*, a distinction shall be made in some manner, that you may know the differance. P.

TO ADELIO.

SIR,

THE numerous controversies on the subject of matrimony, in the last volume of the Repository, deter me from entering into one, by making a reply to all your arguments; two or three of the principal ones however, I shall briefly notice.

"An si quis atro dente me petiverit
Inultus ut flebo puer?"

You "think it argues no superior understanding in the advocates of celibacy, to lay the whole blame on the females, when they find some unhappy marriages." To answer this properly, we must know *what* causes unhappy marriages; and then, to whom these causes would most justly apply. Tattling, or telling in one family what happens in another, is certainly a great bane to a happy union; now, who is most generally guilty of this? The answer is at hand,—the wife; for so great a desire have females to talk, that rather than be silent they will divulge the secrets trusted to them, or which their ever longing ears have picked up; as an instance of this—there was a woman whose husband was involved in great perplexities, because he was *then* to take up his notes; but if he could only keep his creditors off a day or two after they were due, he thought it would then be possible to extricate himself: But his assiduous wife told the affair at a creditor's house, that one informed others, and the poor man was ruined. Where is extravagance; another womanlike folly; the man spends in proportion to his earnings, the woman knows not the difficulty of getting money, squanders it away for baubles, &c. to deck her person, and many other things, too numerous to detail.

There are men, I must confess, who are not altogether perfect, but these men

bring all the mischief upon themselves; leaving nothing for their wives to do, but look with pleasure at the downfal of their husbands—then they are "fine women." That a wife *may be good*, I will not deny, but to say with *Juvenal*, she is "rara avis in terra, nigroque simillima cygno."

Next you say "Let those who write against marriage inquire, and they will find, that unhappy couples proceed from an improper choice." Make no choice at all, then you are sure of not bartering your felicity with a risk of *ten* to *one*. Then can the domineering spirit of a woman tyranize only over herself; and the dissipated man ruin no "*virtuous*" wife. Amongst the number of allurements to "improper choice," you mention beauty. Now I defy you or any other person to say that it has no part in the composition of love; it is one of the chief ingredients; if it be not, what matters it whether a woman be *white* or *black*, so as she has good qualities?

Lastly, "When death separates those whom marriage united, in six cases out of ten the survivor gladly returns to that state, &c." The reason is obvious, every time he marries it is with the same hope that induced him at first—the prospect of a *good* woman. The first time he is, perhaps, disappointed; the second time in hopes of a *better* he attempts it, tries it a third time all in vain—felicity in marriage is not to be found.

I have made the above observations in consequence of your last piece, which, though not directly aimed at, is nevertheless intended for me. L'AMI.

The following is an authentic copy of a letter from the late celebrated Dr. FRANKLIN, to a friend in England, on the subject of the first Campaign made by the British in America.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM to set out to-morrow for the camp, and having heard of the opportunity, can only write a line to say, that I am well and hearty. Tell our dear good friend ***, who sometimes has his doubts and despondencies about our firmness, that America is determined and unanimous, a very few tories and placemen excepted, who will probably soon export themselves.

Britain, at the expence of THREE MILLIONS, has killed *one hundred and fifty* Yankies this campaign, which is *twenty thousand pounds* a head;—and at Bunker's Hill she gained *one mile of ground*, half of which she lost again by our taking post on Ploughed Hill. During the same time *sixty thousand children* have been born in America. From these data, his mathematical head will easily calculate the time, and expence necessary to kill us all, and conquer our whole territory.

"My sincere respects to ——, and to the Club of honest whigs at——. Adieu.

"I am ever your's most affectionately,

"B. F."

Why is a GARDNER the most extraordinary Man in the World?

BECAUSE no man has more business upon *earth* and he always chooses good *grounds* for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, he is master of the *mint*, and fingers *penny-royal:* He raises his *celery* every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him in a *plumb*. He meets with more *boughs* than a minister of state: He makes more *beds* than the French king, and has in them more *painted ladies*, and genuine *roses* and *lillies* than are to be found at a country wake. He makes *raking* his business more than his diversion, as many others do. His wife has enough of his *lady's-love* and *heart's ease*, and never wishes for *weeds*. Distempers fatal to others never hurt him; he walks the better for the *gravel* and thrives most in a *consumption*. He can boast of more *bleeding hearts* than your ladyship, and has more *laurels* than THOMAS JEFFERSON, but his greatest pride, and the world's greatest envy is, that he can have *yew* when he pleases.

Philadelª., *April* 14, 1804.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,

YOUR correspondent *Z*, displays a very illiberal, contracted and partial mind. Too long has *dancing* triumphed over solid attainments—too long have parents listened to the voice of the syren, and instead of giving their children such accomplishments as would prove unfading ornaments, intrinsically beautiful, as well as useful, they have suffered them to dance away their precious hours and grow up useless, vain, giddy and frivolous beings. Away with your counters, your bawbles, your straws! It is high time to think and to act wisely. Give your offspring real knowledge, and do not poison their minds with vice and folly. Make them reasonable beings. Let them understand their own language at least, before they sink into the giddy vortex of dancing schools. Suppose your daughters could rival BYRNE, or even the most famous Parisian dancer, what would be the advantage? Would she understand the domestic duties of a wife better? Would she be wiser, more humane, patient and disinterested, religious or moral? Who can, or dare answer affirmatively?

A. MAN.

CLARKSON ON SLAVERY.

Now in the press of *J. W. Scott*, and in a few weeks will be published, *Clarkson's (prize) Essay on the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species*.—Subscriptions for this work will be received until the 10th of May next.

About three o'clock on the morning of the 31st ult. a barn belonging to Mr. Jesse Christopher, innkeeper, about two miles above Pennington, New-Jersey, was struck with lightning, and entirely consumed, together with a large quantity of hay, grain, and one young horse. Four other horses were in the barn at the time it was struck, but by much exertion on the part of Mr. Christopher, were rescued from the raging element. *Poulson.*

Major Stillwell at the White House, in the upper part of the county of Huntendon, New-Jersey, lately put a period to his existence, by holding the hilt of a sword against the wall and running upon the point. The cause of this desperate deed we have not learnt. *Ib.*

An advertisement in a Charleston paper of a late date runs thus—"R—— P—— invites the ladies and gentlemen of Charleston to see a display of *three thousand* profiles, taken from a collection of more than *one hundred thousand*, drawn by him in Virginia; some *thousands*, taken in Savannah, will be arranged in a few days.—No. 118, Broad-Street, in a room *contigious* to the MAMMOTH! *M'Corkle.*

A Rival Theatre.

The *Grove Theatre* is not yet universally known—it opened a few weeks since, with the tragedy of Douglas, which was received with universal acclamations. The entertainment of the evening went off, to use a *tonish* expression, in *great snuff* Indeed I have since been informed, that this was *literally* the case; for in the midst of a most piteous speech of one of the dramatist personæ, when the audience were almost convulsed with emotion, the atmosphere was suddenly impregnated by a wag from the gallery with the contents of a *mull*, filled with genuine *rappee*. The actors were seized with a fit of sneezing, the orchestra performers accompanied in full band, and the whole audience joined in general chorus. The *concerto* was highly affecting, and brought *tears* in every eye. *N. York Pap.*

MARRIED—On Tuesday evening 10th inst. by the Rev. Philip Milledoller, Mr. *Samuel Eldridge*, merchant, to Miss *Ellen Bryan*, daughter of Guy Bryan, Esq. all of this city.

—— On the 12th inst. at Friends Meeting-House, High street, Mr. *Isaac Paxson*, to Miss *Elizabeth Shoemaker*, all of this city.

—— At Poughkeepsie, (N. Y.) Master *Peter I. Stoutenburgh*, aged 16, to Miss *Polly Briggs*, aged 14, both of Clinton.

DIED—On Wednesday night 11th inst. Mr. *James Prichard* (house carpenter) of this city.

To Correspondents.

The '*Inquisitor*' is informed that his queries will be answered by the Editor *personally*, if he is sufficiently interested to call at the office of the Repository.

An interview with '*Alithean*' is requested.

*** Subscribers will please to take notice that the *fourth* payment of 25 *cents*, will be collected by the carriers on Saturday next.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

INVITATION.

TO A LITTLE WARBLER.

LITTLE songster spread thy wing,
Hither come, and with thee bring,
Music that proclaims the Spring,
Cheering notes which Nature taught
Thee to sing.

On the verdant willow tree,
Safely built thy nest may be,
Guarded ev'ry day by me,
Undisturb'd by wanton hands,
Watch'd for thee.

When from eastern skies, the day,
With its dawning, gentle ray,
Gilds each dew-bespangled spray,
Greet its vivifying beams,
With thy lay.

On the waving bough alight,
When the noon-day sun's so bright
Fervid heat protracts thy flight,
In the willow take thy rest
With delight.

And when Sol sinks in the west,
Precedent to Nature's rest,
Little warbler, o'er thy nest,
Free from danger thou may'st perch
Charming guest.

KASKADANDA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

PRAYER TO FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! soft soother of our woe,
Thou source whence earthly comforts flow;
Attend unto my prayer;
Come, and display thy heav'nly charms,
And lock within thy downy arms;
A wretch oppress'd by care.

Come, and thy balmy influence shed
In gentle showers around my head,
And fill my heart with peace;
O! with thy hand so soft and kind,
Dispel the glooms that haunt my mind,
And bid my sorrows cease.

Let me not at thy shadow grasp,
Nor to my breast a phantom clasp,
That bears thy hallow'd name;
Let me not for thy lasting joys;
Embrace those transitory toys;
That but thy semblance claim.

O! come not with those chilly looks,
Which my warm heart so illy brooks,
And thou so oft dost wear;
Come not in falsehood's garb array'd,
All my remaining hopes to shade
With foul mistrust and fear.

But come with looks of love benign,
Clad in thy robe of truth divine,
To cheer my fainting breast;
O! fill my heart with hope anew,
Each soul-dividing thought subdue;
And then I shall be blest.

PETER.

THE WEARISOMENESS OF
WHAT IS CALLED

A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulence, the frown,
And sullen sadness that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears;
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys.
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.
Others are drag'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated sit,
Through dowright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent to a twig,
They love it, and yet loathe; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live,
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits—all forbid.
Whom call we gay? That honor has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to thy name,
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaity of those
Whose head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed;
And save me too from their's whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stript off by cruel chance;
From gaity that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

SONNET TO SPRING.

COME, youthful Nymph! for to poetic view
Ally'd with Hope thou seem'st against Despair;
So mild thy sunshine, bright thy morning dew,
That gems the green-robe that thou lov'st to wear.

Thy symphonies the wood-land choirs shall tell,
While infant-shoots peep round the woodbine bow'rs;
Thy yellow births, thy stem with azure bell,
Shall lead the wonted redolence of flow'rs.

And yon bleak hills that now appear so bare,
With fleecy wealth again be cover'd o'er,
These sickles soften to the tepid air,
And verdure thicken on the russet moor.

Till hills and vales, and meads, alike shall prove,
The charms of beauty, and the joys of love.

A SERIOUS ADDRESS

TO THE FAIR-SEX.

BOAST not, ye nymphs, of youthful charms,
Of rosy cheeks, or snowy arms;
Of sparkling eyes, or coral lips,
Angelic form, or graceful steps:
Believe me, time will change the scene,
And wither up the ever-green;
'Twill fade the choicest flowers of May,
The ivory turn to mouldering clay;
Wrinkles the smoothest skin impair,
Till beauty's neither here, nor there!
Shew then the graces of the mind,
More lasting far, and more refin'd;
Be wise, be virtuous, and be kind.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers....to those who pay half yearly in advance, 3 *dollars* per vol.

To distant subscribers 3 *dollars* per annum, payable half yearly in advance.